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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

35

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., SEPTEMBER 1, 1875.

NO. 34.

For the Hartford Herald.

OUR FAITH.

BY VIOLET.

As little children, we meekly trust
 For something brighter, better, yet,
 And pure that the sordid dust
 Whence our earthly lives are set.
 Something brighter just beyond
 The gloomy circle of the night;
 A pure day, more brilliant sun,
 And perfect fullness of the light.
 We know, and yet we cannot see,
 That when our dreary sunlight dies,
 Upon a fairer world than ours
 Is summer splendor it doth rise.

'Tis thus when life's pale sun shall dip
 Beneath the awful rim of death,
 Beyond the limits of the flesh,
 The narrow space of the breath,
 On heavenly worlds, serene and bright,
 That eyes of flesh may never scan,
 In cloudless beauty it shall rise,
 And round into God's perfect plan.
 Our every dim, imperfect joy,
 Is heaven shall be most good and fair;
 Each timid hope that budded here,
 Shall bloom in bright fruition there.

All the grand dreams that bless us here,
 With something of the light of heaven,
 Shall to us, on you bright shore,
 In full reality be given.

Here earth hath bound our sordid lives,
 To a few pale stars—a gleam of light—
 A flowery landscape, stretching on
 In beauty farther than the sight—

A day of clouds, that leaves at night
 Our souls still yearning for the sun—
 And joys we garner but to lose,
 And hopes we bury one by one.

But there the circle of our sight
 Shall widen to the boundless sky,
 And sweep its myriads of stars,
 Its height, its depth—infinity.

And there the heart, the soul, of man,
 Untammed with its carnal sin,
 The deep, infinite joys of heaven
 Shall to their fullness gather in.

The beauty that we lose on earth,
 The joys that perish in our arms,
 Shall live through endless ages there,

And bloom with heaven's sternal charms.

TAYLORTOWN, KY., August, 1875.

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.
 Author of "The Count of Monte Cristo,"
 "The Three Guardsmen," "Twenty
 Years After," "Brigandine," the
 "Mona's Lover," "The
 Noble," "The
 Vicomte," "The Iron
 Mask," Etc. Etc.

CHAPTER I.

A GRATEFUL PEOPLE.

On the 23rd of August 1672, the city of the Hague always so lively, so neat, and so trim, that one might believe every day to be Sunday, with its shady park, with its tall trees, spreading over all its Gothic houses, with its canals like large mirrors, in which its steeples and its almost Eastern cupolas are reflected; the city of the Hague, the capital of the Seven United Provinces, was swelling in all its arteries with a black and red stream of hurried, panting, and restless citizens, who, with their knives in their girdles, muskets on their shoulders, or sticks in their hands, were pushing on to the Buitenhof, a terrible prison, the grated windows of which are still shown, where, on the charge of attempted murder, preferred against him by the surgeon Tyckelaer, Cornelius De Witte, the brother of the Grand Pensionary of Holland was confined.

If the history of that time, and especially that of the year in the middle of which our narrative commences, were not indissolubly connected with the two names just mentioned, a few explanatory pages which we are about to add might appear quite supererogatory; but we will, from the very first apprise the reader—our old friend, to whom we are wont on the first page to promise amusement, and with whom we always try to keep our word as well as is in our power—that this explanation is as indispensable to the right understanding of our story, as to that of the great event itself on which it is based.

Cornelius De Witte, warden of the dykes, ex-burgomaster of Dordt, his native town, and member of the Assembly of the States of Holland, was forty-nine years of age, when the Dutch people, tired of the republic such as John De Witte, the Grand Pensionary of Holland, understood it, at once conceived a most violent affection for the Stadtholderate, which had been abolished forever in Holland, by the "Perpetual Edict" forced by John De Witte, upon the United Provinces.

As it rarely happens that public opinion, in its whimsical flights, does not identify a principle with a man, thus the people saw the personification of the republic in the two stern figures of the brothers De Witte, those Romans of Holland, spurning to pander to the fancies of the mob, and wedging themselves with unbending fidelity to liberty without license, and prosperity without the waste of superfluity; on the other hand, the Stadtholderate recalled to the popular mind, the grave thoughtful image of the young Prince William of Orange,

The brothers De Witte honored Louis XIV., whose moral influence was felt by the whole of Europe, and the pressure of whose material power Holland had been made to feel in that marvellous campaign on the Rhine which in the space of three months, had laid the power of the United Provinces prostrate.

Louis XIV. had long been the enemy

of the Dutch, who insulted or ridiculed him to their hearts' content, although it must be said, that they generally used French refugees for the mouth-piece of their spite. Their national pride held him up as the Mithridates of the republic. The brothers De Witte, therefore, had to strive against a double difficulty, against the force of national antipathy, and, besides, against that feeling of weariness which is natural to all vanquished people, when they hope that a new chief will be able to save them from ruin and shame.

This new chief, quite ready to appear on the political stage, and to measure himself against Louis XIV., however gigantic the fortunes of the Grand Monarch loomed in the future, was William, Prince of Orange, son of William II., and grandson, by his mother Mary Stuart, of Charles I. of England. We have mentioned him before as the person by whom the people expected to see the office of Stadtholder restored.

This young man was, in 1672, twenty-two years of age. John De Witte, who was his tutor, had brought him up with the view of making him a good citizen. Loving his country better than he did his disciple, the master had, by the "Perpetual Edict," extinguished the hope

which the young Prince might have entertained of one day becoming Stadtholder.

But God laughs at the presumption

of man, who wants to raise and prostrate the powers on earth without consulting the King above; and the fickleness and caprice of the Dutch combined with the terror inspired by Louis XIV., in repeating the "Perpetual Edict," and re-establishing the office of Stadtholder in favor of William of Orange, for whom the hand of Providence had traced out anterior destinies in the hidden map of the future.

The Grand Pensionary bowed before the will of his fellow citizens. Cornelius De Witte, however, was more obstinate, and notwithstanding all the threats of death from the Orangist rabble, who besieged him in his house at Dordt, he stoutly refused to sign the act by which the office of Stadtholder was restored.

Moved by the tears and entreaties of his wife, he at last complied, only adding to his signature the two letters V. C. (Vi Cœus), notifying thereby, that he only yielded to force.

It was a real miracle that on that day he escaped from the doom intended for him.

John De Witte derived no advantage from his ready compliance with the wishes of his fellow citizens. Only a few days after, an attempt was made to stab him, in which he was severely although not mortally wounded.

This by no means suited the views of the Orange faction. The life of the two brothers being a constant obstacle to their plans, they changed their tactics, and tried to obtain by calumny what they had not been able to effect by the aid of the poison.

"Moreover," hinted the Orange agitators

interspersed through the crowd, whom they hoped to manage like a sharp-edged, and, at the same time, crushing instrument,—"moreover, will not, from the Buitenhof to the gate of the town, a nice little opportunity present itself to throw some handfuls of dirt, or a few stones, at this Cornelius De Witte, who not only conferred the dignity of Stadtholder on the Prince of Orange merely *Vi Cœus*, but who also intended to have him assassinated?"

How rarely does it happen that, in the right moment, a great man is found to head the execution of vast and noble designs, but it as rarely happens, that when the devil's work is to be done, the miscreant is not in hand, who readily and at once enters upon the infamous task.

The wretched tool in this instance was Tyckelaer, a surgeon by profession. He lodged an information against Cornelius De Witte, setting forth, that the warden

—who, as he had shown by the letters added to his signature, was fuming at the

repeal of the "Perpetual Edict"—had, from hatred against William of Orange, hired an assassin to deliver the new republic of its new Stadtholder; and he, Tyckelaer, was the person thus chosen; but, horrified at the bare idea of the act which he was asked to perpetrate, had preferred rather to reveal the crime than to commit it.

This disclosure was, indeed, well calculated to call forth a furious outbreak among the Orange faction. The Attorney-General caused, on the 16th of August, 1672, Cornelius De Witte to be arrested, and the noble brother of John De Witte had, like the vilest criminal, to undergo, in one of the apartments of the town prison, the preparatory degrees of torture, by means of which judges expected to force from him the confession of his alleged plot against William of Orange.

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and, besides, against that feeling of weariness which is natural to all vanquished people, when they hope that a new chief

will be able to save them from ruin and shame.

John De Witte, at the first intimation of the charge brought against his brother, had resigned his office of Grand Pensionary.

He, too, received a noble recompence

for his devotedness to the best in

interests of his country, taking with him

into the retirement of private life, the

hated of a host of enemies, and the fresh

scars of wounds inflicted by assassins, only too often the sole reward obtained by honest people, who are guilty of having

worked for their country, and of having

forfeited their own private interests.

In the meanwhile, William, of Orange,

urged on the course of events by every

means in his power, eagerly waiting for

the time when the people, by whom he

was idolized, should have made of the

bodies of the brothers the two steps, over

which he might ascend to the chair of

Stadtholder.

Well, then don't let us allow them to

depart!" advised one of the patriots who

had gained the start of the others.

"Forward to the prison, to the prison!"

Among these cries, the citizens ran

along faster and faster, cooking their muskets, brandishing their hatchets, and

looking death and defiance in all directions.

No violence, however, had as yet been

committed, and the file of horsemen who

were guarding the approaches of the Buitenhof remained cool, unmoved, silent,

much more threatening in their impassibility, than all this crowd of burghers,

with their cries, their agitation, and their threats.

The men on their horses, indeed,

stood like so many statues, under the eye

of their chief, Count Tilly, the captain of

the mounted troops of the Hague, who

had his sword drawn, but held it with its

point downwards, in a line with the straps

of his stirrup.

This troop, the only defense of the prison,

overawed by its firm attitude not only

the disorderly riotous mass of the popu-

lace, but also the detachment of the

burgher guard which, being placed oppo-

site to the Buitenhof to support the soldiers

in keeping order, gave to the rioters the

example of seditious cries, shouting,—

"Hurrah for Orange! Down with the

traitors!"

The presence of Tilly and his horsemen,

indeed, exercised a salutary check on

these civic warriors, but, by degrees, they

waxed more and more angry by their own

shouts, and as they were not able to un-

derstand how any one could have courage

without showing it by cries, they attribut-

ed the silence of the dragoons to pusili-

lanimity, and advanced one step towards

the prison, with all the turbulent mob fol-

lowing in their wake.

In this moment, Count Tilly rode forth

towards them single-handed, merely lift-

ing his sword and contracting his brow

whilst he addressed them:—

"Has not," they would say, "this Corne-

lius been locked up, and

broken by the rack?" cried the Orangists.

"Stop!" replied the Count; "there you

at once ask me more than I can tell you.

I

THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT & CO., Publishers.

WALLACE GRELLE, Editor.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1, 1875.

ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

An Interesting Letter from Jerome B. Wells.

Correspondence of THE HARTFORD HERALD.
ABOARD STEAMER VICTORIA.
August 9, 1875.

A TENDER PARTING SCENE.

EDITOR HERALD.—The scene on leaving the pier at New York was a very affecting one. I found it more difficult to keep one's eyes dry, than I had imagined, on seeing so many tears. There was quite a crowd assembled on the pier to witness the departure of the steamer. Fathers and mothers parting from their children, sisters and brothers parting from each other, young ladies separating from their lovers, and all parting from friends, possibly never to see each other again. Some would have alternate spells of convulsive crying and laughter, whilst others would sob continuously. There was one young lady in particular who attracted my attention. I suspected that she was parting with that "dear one" that Hood speaks of in his "Bridge of Sighs." They stood on deck, close together, talking, seemingly, very confidentially, and their eyes beaming admiration for each other, when the bell tapped (that awful tap). She threw her arms lovingly around his neck, and cried, "O George!" He put his arm around her waist, and his only response was, "Mary, you are a bonny lassie!" (They were both Scotch.) Then followed the parting kiss—the shake of the hand—and he was off.

JEROME "COTTONS" TO HER, OF COURSE, AND DISCOVERS A PARAGON.

She was a young lady rather prepossessing in appearance, with a very bright and sparkling gray eye, and on entering into conversation with her, I found her to be possessed of more than ordinary research and intelligence. Born and reared near Glasgow, Scotland, evidently of good family, she had been on a visit to some relatives in America, and was on her way home. It seemed to me that she had read and could tell me something of every book of note that has been written from the days of Josephus to the present time. I was surprised to find her extensive acquaintance with American as well as European poets; and from her favorite Burns she could quote line after line, and put into them that Scotch accent and feeling that I never heard before.

HE ENDEAVORS TO "PUMP" HER.

I told her of the scene I had witnessed at the pier, and ventured to suggest she would be likely to go back to America soon. "I don't know, I'm sure," she said. "I am a believer in *co-ordination*. What is to be, will be. It is to be or not, I can't tell." But the tears stood in her eyes when she told me he was the last one to leave the ship.

ALL OFF TOGETHER.

We left the pier on Saturday, July 31, at 3 o'clock p.m. At the same hour the City of Richmond, of the Inman line, the Republic, of the White Star line, (both for Liverpool via Queenstown,) and the German steamer, Main, for Bremen, all sailed from their respective piers. The above named (all large vessels) and ours, the Victoria, got a reasonably fair start within a short distance of each other. There were going to be "distances," as our steamer seemed to lag back a little. She rallied, however, and the vessels ran within a short distance of each other for several hours, until they finally branched off on their several courses.

PHOTO. OF THE VICTORIA.

I will endeavor to give you a descriptive outline of our steamer, her Captain, the line to which she belongs, &c. She is 275 feet long by 40 feet wide, with a capacity of 3,150 tons, draws twenty-two feet of water, and has a 500 horse-power engine. I am told that she is the next-best of the 37 steamers of the Anchor line.—Her saloon is elegantly finished, and the entire ship seems to be neat and clean throughout. The Anchor is essentially a Scotch line, running steamers from New York to Glasgow direct, and making the most northern route of any of the steamers from that port. Captain Monroe, of the Victoria, is a short, square-built, broad shouldered Scotchman, with side-whiskers and heavy mustache, and is a quiet, affable, well-bred gentleman. His extensive intercourse with the world has evidently put him in possession of that very desirable key to good breeding, viz: "B-natural." He never seems to tire of the many questions that are put to him by the passengers, but always has a pleasant answer for everybody.—There are about 30 cabin and 100 steerage passengers aboard. Of the cabin passengers, there are ten ladies, six of whom are married. The list of cabin passengers is decidedly small, owing to the lateness of the season. The officers and crew are nearly all Scotch, either by birth or descent.

WHY THEY CHOSE THAT ROUTE.

You may ask why we took this Scotch line, going so far north. I will tell you. At Louisville, the Anchor line was represented to us as being one of the best and safest lines on the ocean. One of their steamers (the Olympia) was advertised to sail from New York on July 31st, for London direct. We there bought tickets for that vessel. When we arrived at New York, we went aboard, and found, to our

surprise, a rather small, dirty-looking ship, with little cramped-up staterooms, and a dejected look about the whole vessel; and, to add to our disgust, we had to be continually on the *qui vive* to keep from being run over by some cattle they were taking aboard, while we were going to and from the ship. We found the Victoria, a large and commodious vessel, was advertised to sail at the same hour for Glasgow, in Scotland. So we went to work and succeeded in getting our tickets and baggage transferred to the Victoria without much trouble. The Company will send us from Glasgow to Liverpool or London by rail, the fare to all those places being about the same from New York. We will go from Glasgow to Edinburgh, and from thence to London.

"A SMOOTH SEA AND FLOWING SHEET."

Up to this time we had a remarkably calm sea most of the time. We got fairly out on a smooth sea Saturday before dark. The water looked as smooth as a floor, and the vessel glided along as smoothly as does the Morning Star on the bosom of the placid Ohio, at the rate of about 12 knots an hour. I went to bed that night entirely insensible of any cause for sea-sickness. The next day was Sunday, with us in one sense only—that of the brightness of the sun. The sky was almost entirely clear of clouds, and the passengers all seemed in fine spirits. Such expressions as, "Oh, isn't it a beautiful morning?" "Delightful!" "Perfectly lovely!" were often heard, from the fair ones especially, several of whom were very agreeably disappointed at not finding themselves sea-sick.

NOON IT TACKLES HIM.

Up till the third day there was no one sick. I began to feel a little "squirmish" on the morning of that day, before breakfast. I found that my appetite was failing. However, I partook of a light breakfast, and started on deck for a walk to dispel my bad feelings. The vessel seemed to pitch and roll more than usual that morning, and I soon found myself at the rear of the steamer, leaning over the iron railing, "hollerin' 'New York'" in a very earnest manner. For three days I was very sick. The physician was called in to see me on the third day, and gave me a dose of something, and I got better. I could not endure food of any kind for more than 48 hours.

HOW THEY LIVE ON SHIPBOARD.

The Scotch manner of living on board the ship is very peculiar. We have a dish of oatmeal porridge brought to us in the morning before we get out of bed. At 8 o'clock we have breakfast, at 12 lunch, dinner at 4, and tea at 7, from two to four changes each time. So, you see, if one is inclined to be an epicure, he can indulge to his stomach's content.

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

I have just been on deck looking at "Mother Carey's Chickens," a small black bird, a little larger than an ordinary chimney swallow. These birds will follow a ship for hundreds of miles, occasionally darting down and seeming to alight on the water immediately in the wake of the ship. I am told that they feed on little oily globules that float on the water, and will eat nothing else. Doubtless you have heard of the superstitious tradition among the sailors concerning these birds. They are believed to be the spirits of departed sailors buried in the "great deep." Consequently they are held sacred by mariners. A ship kills one of these birds, some misfortune is sure to overtake the vessel, and at least one soul for each bird will perish.

"THE LAZY, LOOLLING WHALES."

We have seen several whales of different sizes—some very large ones—and it is remarkable what indifference they seem to manifest towards everything. I have not seen one immediately in front of the ship, but those I have seen looked as though they would not turn their course for anything. They seem to feel that they are "monarchs of all they survey," floating leisurely along, and occasionally spouting up the water to a distance of several feet in the air.

OFF THE BANKS.

On the morning of the fourth day, we got up to find ourselves off the Banks of Newfoundland, among a great many fishing boats. What an immense business this is! The whole surface of the ocean was spotted with the boats of the codfish catchers.

ICEBERGS.

The next morning the Captain announced that we were in the iceberg region. We looked eagerly for icebergs all day, and had about abandoned it, when, just after sunset, some one on deck shouted, "Iceberg!" and in a moment all were on deck and had a good view of a very large one several miles south of us. It looked more like a large pile of snow than anything else I can describe. Quite an

EXCITING LITTLE INCIDENT.

occurred while we were looking at the iceberg. The sailors have as a law among themselves, that no one except a sailor shall ascend the masts, on penalty of being tied up there or trouting to a bottle of brandy. A young man, a passenger, from New York, in his eagerness to look at the iceberg, bounded up the mast. He had scarcely started up, before up went three sailors after him. He made the leap, caught the rope, and came zigzagging down, "like a streak." The sailors followed, and met him as he reached the

deck, and claimed their bottle of brandy. He refused to pay it, claiming that he had made his escape. The sailors persisted in their demand. He would not accede to it, and finally the officers interfered and sent the sailors away.

NEARING OLD IRELAND.

We have now been out nine days, and most all of them good weather. We are about 300 miles from Londonferry, Ireland, and expect to reach there by 12 o'clock to-morrow. From there it is only nine hours run to Glasgow. I feel that a sight of "old mother earth" would be truly refreshing. J. B. W.

ANOTHER TEACHER TALKS.

CENTERTOWN, KY., Aug. 31.

EDITOR HERALD.—In your last week's issue was an article entitled "Views of a Teacher." I am one of the examples of meanness mentioned in that article, and as some of my views are different from his, I propose to discuss in a friendly manner some of the grievances of "R.C." in order that you and your readers may have the "Views of Two Teachers." R.C. seems to be sour on everything he mentions pertaining to schools, except Butler's grammar, the Elementary spelling book, and the *shades* of Noah Webster. I will subscribe to what he says of Webster's, and the *shades* of Noah Webster. I will subscribe to what he says of Butler's grammar, and I think I have due reverence for the shade of Noah Webster; but introducing Butler's spellers in place of Webster's, we should look at the *books*, not at the *shades* of the authors. I learned to spell from the old Elementary when at school, and I yet love that book for the good it has done. This he has a chance to do at the Institutes. One more word about our Institutes: How would the teachers like to hold the next one somewhere in the country, where I believe we would be welcomed with a cordial extension of free entertainment? I believe that many neighborhoods would as soon have an Institute as a Baptist Association, or a Methodist Quarterly Meeting.

R.C. wants the heads of our school examiners cut off with something that will do the work quickly. I suppose a *guillotine* would answer the purpose. Now I want it understood that although no grandfather of mine—not tailor who holds a bill against me—is on that board, I think *decapitation* too bloody an affair for me. Let us kill them, if at all, when they claim to be models of perfection. The very idea of abolishing the examining board, and throwing the whole master of determining a teacher's qualifications on the trustees, carries with it an idea of humbuggery on the part of *would be* teachers hard enough to guard against with the safeguards we now have. As the law stands, we, in effect, have few trustees. The whole master of choosing a teacher is thrown on the districts at large. An election or two must be called, rivalry among teachers encouraged—rivalry in regard to *price*, not qualifications—a subscription circulated, while some growl at others for not subscribing enough. Some will not subscribe to or support a school unless the teacher of his choice be selected. Thus the master stands. The trustee, instead of having power himself, to choose a teacher, is placed under obligations to try and humor the whims of his district, and he often fails than succeeds. The law most to be desired is one giving the trustee power to compel the district to pay the teacher he thinks best adapted to the school in his district. I know that this view is somewhat unpopular, but the people will see it is the best after they wrangle over the present system awhile. As to the board of examiners, it seems to me that every good teacher should wish them to increase their strictness, instead of wishing to abolish it entirely. G. M. R.

or any lover of education, should be opposed to them. The cause of education in this country took a fresh impetus and an upward tendency with our first Institute. Every succeeding one has been a means of advancement, and we to-day have a better corps of teachers than ever before. The Institute of last year was, perhaps, the least valuable of any that we have had. Why? Because of rainy weather, and the *absence* of R.C.'s "dubbed Professors," who he says are "imported" to conduct the *"ephemera"* as he calls them. Meek, indeed, must be that teacher who cannot make enough improvement at a good Institute to cover his expenses. Can he not gain a better idea about something that will be useful to him as a teacher, the motions of the earth, for instance; how the seasons are produced; difficult points in mathematics, grammar, composition, school government, or something of the kind? Does he know *all* about all these? If so, it is to be hoped that his complaint is only an imaginary expansion of the head. Is he so dull he cannot learn? Then let him back out from the profession; but let the Institutes go on for those who can and will be benefited by them. The value of them cannot be summed up like a grocer's bill and expressed in dollars and cents, but they are valuable nevertheless. Neither can the value of a good school be so expressed; yet it is valuable.

A good plan for a teacher to follow is to take items from the knowledge and experience, and, I may add, the folly of his fellow teachers, adopting what is good and guarding against the bad. This he has a chance to do at the Institutes. One more word about our Institutes: How would the teachers like to hold the next one somewhere in the country, where I believe we would be welcomed with a cordial extension of free entertainment? I believe that many neighborhoods would as soon have an Institute as a Baptist Association, or a Methodist Quarterly Meeting.

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EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
IN THE TOWN OF
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY,
BY—

JOHN P. BARRETT, & CO.,
AT THE PRICE OF

Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

Job work of every description done with
neatness and dispatch, at city prices. We have
a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage
of the business community.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is
prepaid at this office.

Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year,
invariably in advance.

Should the paper suspend publication, for
any cause, during the year, we will refund the
money due on subscription, or furnish subscribers
for the unexpired term with any paper of the
same price they may select.

Advertisements of business men are solicited;
except those of saloons, keepers and dealers in
intoxicating liquors, which we do not admit to our
columns under any circumstances.

All communications and contributions for pub-
lication must be addressed to the Editor.

Communications in regard to advertising, and job
work must be addressed to the Publishers.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. James Stans, Judge, of Owensboro.
Hon. Jas. Haycraft, Attorney, Elizabethtown.
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.
E. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.
E. L. Wise, Jailer, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Mondays in May
and November, and continues four weeks each
term.

COUNTY COURT.

Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. R. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. P. Sander, Attorney, Hartford.

Court begins on the first Monday in every
month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Begins on the 3rd Mondays in January, April,
July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begins on the first Mondays in October and
January.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.
G. Smith Fitzhugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
Thos. H. Bowell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
W. L. Rose, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Casey District, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice,
held March 5, June 17, September 4, December
18. E. F. Tifford, Justice, held March 18, June
4, September 15, December 4.

Cool Springs District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown,
Justice, held March 3, June 15, September 2,
December 16. D. J. Wilcox, Justice, held
March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.
Centerville District, No. 3.—W. P. Render,
Justice, held March 31, June 14, September 30,
December 15. T. S. Bennett, Justice, held
March 16, June 28, September 15, December
30.

Bell's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton,
Justice, March 11, June 23, September 11, De-
cember 27. S. Woodward, Justice, March 21,
June 10, September 25, December 11.

Fordville District, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb,
Justice, March 8, June 19, September 8, Decem-
ber 22. J. L. Burton, Justice, March 20,
July 7, September 22, December 8.

Ellis District, No. 6.—C. S. McElroy, March
9, June 21, September 9, December 23. Jas.
Miller, Justice, March 22, June 8, September
22, December 9.

Hartford District, No. 7.—Jno. P. Cooper,
Justice, March 13, June 25, September 14, De-
cember 29. A. B. Bennett, Justice, March 25,
June 11, September 17, December 13.

Cromwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin,
Justice, March 27, June 16, September 29, De-
cember 17. Melvin Taylor, Justice, March 17,
June 20, September 17, December 31.

Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Allen,
Justice, March 12, June 24, September 13, De-
cember 28. Jno. M. Leach, Justice, March 26,
June 12, September 28, December 14.

Sulphur Spring District, No. 10.—R. G.
Wedding, Justice, March 19, June 5, September
21, December 7. Jno. A. Bennett, Justice, March
6, June 18, September 7, December 21.

Bartlett District, No. 11.—W. H. Cummins,
Justice, March 10, June 22, September 10, De-
cember 24. J. S. Justice, Justice, March 23,
June 9, September 24, December 10.

POLICE COURTS.

Hartford—L. H. Luce, Judge, second Mon-
days in January, April, July and October.

Beaver Dam—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first
Saturday in January, April, July and October.

Cromwell—A. P. Montague, Judge, first
Tuesday in January, April, July and October.

Central—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Sat-
urday in March, June, September and Decem-
ber.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1, 1875.

JNO. P. BARRETT, LOCAL EDITOR.

Particular Notice.

All persons indebted to this office, will
please call and pay up, as we are in urgent
need of some money. We cannot run a
newspaper without money, and hence we
are under the necessity of collecting as
fast as amounts fall due.

All over town—fleas.

School commences next Monday.

Mr. Grossie B. Williams made a flying
visit to Owensboro last week.

Judge Gregory says it is worse than the
small-pox—base ball.

A great number of hogs are dying with
cholera, in the Cool Springs vicinity.

Miss Florence Stevens and Mr. Willie
Murrell, of Beaver Dam, were in town
Sunday evening.

Sheriff Thomas J. Smith, returned on
Saturday evening last, from a short visit
to Indiana.

The Louisville Exposition commences
to-day, and now is the time to visit the
city.

We learn that the crops in the portion
of the county known as "Texas," are very
much in need of rain.

So far as we can learn, nearly all of
the farmers are done threshing wheat,
and their crops yielded much better than
was expected.

The Louisville Exposition.

We have received an invitation from
the officers of the Louisville Industrial
Exposition to attend their fourth season
of that enterprise, which opens on Sep-
tember 1st and closes October 16.

We are informed that railroads and
steamboat lines leading into Louisville
will materially reduce their rates during
the season, and thus place it within the
reach of every one to visit Louisville during
her most delightful season. The
Exposition, as every one knows, offers a
brilliant, instructive and ever-entertaining
picture to people of all classes. All
the inventions of master minds which
have been adopted by practical men, novi-
ties in machinery of every character,
vast quantities of rare natural products,
the offering of manufacturers, the work of
skilled hands in various branches of
art and mechanism, all combined make a
display that can not fail to attract every
one.

The Art Department is said to be
peculiarly rich in the treasures of our best
artists, the collection embracing several
hundred original pictures never before
exhibited outside of the studios of the
artists. The art gallery heretofore has
been a most delightful feature of the
Exposition, and we are pleased to learn that
its attractions have been increased rather
than diminished. The Natural History
Department will embrace the larger
portion of Mt. Union College Museum, a
rare collection of birds, animals and rep-
tiles, valued at a quarter of a million
dollars.

These and other important features
of the department will be attractive, not
alone to the student, but to every lover
of the curious in nature. The natural
beauty of Louisville at this season of the
year, the excellence of her hotels, and the
cheap rate of transportation, will make a
trip to the Exposition both desirable,
pleasant and profitable.

Marriage Licenses.
The following is a list of the marriage
licenses issued since our last report:

James A. Austin and Miss Marietta
M. Raley.

William A. Yontz and Miss Emeline
Rowe.

Several of the ladies and gentlemen of
our town have organized a Literary Club,
which will meet every two weeks, on Friday
nights. The first meeting of this society
was held at Hon. H. D. McHenry's, last
Friday night, and Mrs. W. F. Gregory
and Miss Jennie Taylor were chosen
editors of the next paper. The next
meeting will be held at Hon. E. D.
Walker's.

A Calhoun boy got hold of a newspaper
the other day, which said that hot
drinks were more cooling to the system
than cool beverages. He emptied a hand-
ful of ground pepper into the coffee pot,
in order to test the experiment, and soon
after breakfast he was heard confessing
to his father his disbelief in domestic
recipes of any kind whatever. The father
used a barrel stave to aid his side of the
argument.

The match game of base ball between
the Cliques and Blackstones, which came
off at the Fair Grounds last Friday even-
ing, resulted in the defeat of the latter.
Owing to extra good batting, the score
was exceedingly large, being 71 to 39,
nevertheless the game was exciting and
interesting. As each side has been victo-
rious once, we hope another game will
be called and thus test the champion-
ship.

Taylor Reunion.
The arrangements for this monster
gathering have been completed, and if
the weather is fair, the number in at-
tendance will be fully as many as ex-
pected. There will be a meeting of the
Executive Committee at Beaver Dam on Sat-
urday next. Every member is expected
to be present. The reunion will take
place on September 9th, 1875.

Call and leave your orders with W. C.
Chapman, (agt.) for fruit trees from the
Greenville Nursery. Fruit trees adapted
to the soil and climate at reduced rates.
Also grape vines from Knott & Chapman's
vineyard, the best variety in the
State.

Fight With Pitchforks.
(Courier-Journal 28th.)

Colonel George Hancock died yesterday
at his residence about twelve miles from
the city. He was a gentleman of liberal
education, and after leaving Yale studied
law, but passed his life in agricultural
pursuits. Possessing a refined taste and
polished manners, he lived to a very ad-
vanced age, retaining great vigor of body
and mind, and during his long life was
singularly respected for his benevolence,
generosity and manly character. He will
be long remembered as one of the most
hospitable and cultivated men of the genera-
tion that is passing away. He was a
Virginian by birth, but for nearly half a
century was one of the most prominent
and useful citizens of this country.

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THE HERALD.



AGRICULTURAL.

The Right Way to Kill Trees.

The most of the nourishment of our trees is derived from the soil by means of the system of roots. There are plants which can exist solely in the air, deriving all their nourishment from the air by means of their leaves. In tropical regions this class of plants is very numerous, very many of the orchis family being of this habit. These plants have no roots proper, but what are regarded as roots are merely means of attachment to the bark of trees and stones and other objects. Still another class of plants are true parasites; these have what answer to roots, which penetrate within the bark of other plants and draw their nourishment from the juices elaborated by the organs of those other plants. But these are divided into two classes: those that have green foliage, by means of which the stolen sap is further elaborated and undergo certain changes, and those whose foliage is not green and perhaps live wholly off the sap sucked from the nurse-plants.

But in the case of by far the greater part of plants and nearly all of those familiar to us, the roots are necessary to the life of the plant. Destroy these and the plant dies, root and branch. This is the principle on which we proceed when we root up noxious weeds. But in the case of trees this process of uprooting is impracticable. Can the roots of a tree be killed without being uprooted?

Let us examine the process of the growth of plants and the nourishment of the roots. It is a fact that the roots of trees require constant nourishment—they grow as tree grows. The nourishment and growth of the roots come from the same organs as the growth and nourishment of the stem, viz.: from the leaves. If then, you prevent the nourishment of the roots you kill them. It can be demonstrated that the material of the growth of trees come from the leaves, descending, usually, between the bark and the wood. During the season of greatest growth this descending sap becoming organized into vegetable tissue, forms that mucilaginous coat by means of which the bark is readily separated from the wood. A portion of this new tissue forms a new layer or growth of wood, of which one is formed each growing season or year. Another portion goes to form a new layer of bark to keep the proper thickness of that substance.

If a wire be made tight around a limb or the trunk of a tree, as the tree increases in size it will be observed that it will bulge out more below than above the wires. If any twig, which has leaves upon it, is cut off in the growing season, just below a leaf, if no sprout is allowed to grow, it will perish down to the next leaf. If a cut be made through the bark into the wood, if it heals up, it will be noticed that the new wood will form above and not below the cut. The circulation upward is in the pores of the wood; this is the crude sap going up towards the leaves: this crude material is elaborated in the leaves and green parts of plants; and then, in a condition to form vegetable tissue, descends, in the case of trees having bark, between the bark and the wood.

To kill the roots of trees, this nourishment must not be allowed to reach them. If the bark and a portion of the wood be cut through entirely around the trunk, it will generally kill the trunk of the tree, but may not kill the roots, because these, having a store of nourishment laid up, may throw up shoots, and by these unfolding leaves the life of the root is maintained. But if it can be so managed that the rising sap shall not be interfered with during one entire season, and the descending sap prevented reaching the roots to nourish them, the tree was continued to grow a season, making its usual demands upon the roots, thereby exhausting them, without their having means of being nourished, and the result will generally be that the whole tree will perish, root and branch, the following year.

Care must be taken to allow no suckers to grow from the roots; if any make their appearance, they must be destroyed early or the plan will be defeated. The right time to girdle trees to accomplish the desired object of killing them to the roots is in the spring of the year, just before the growth commences, or soon after. The girdling must be complete so far as the bark is concerned. Indeed it is better to

scrape the soft, white filaments of bark off with a knife, so as to be sure that no means remain for the sap to descend, as will be the case if care be not taken. For it not unusually happens that the bark is not all removed when trees are girdled. It is easy for the thin, mucilaginous coat to escape a carelessness of removal. The coarse, rough bark has no relation to the circulation of the sap of the tree. It is the soft coat next the wood. And it is often the case when a valuable young fruit tree has been barked by a horse, or maliciously by a person, that there remains all that the life of the tree requires in the filamentous, mucilaginous coat, if it is only prevented from dying up from exposure to sun and wind. This may generally be done by wrapping the part with a cloth saturated with grafting wax, if it is intended to in time. A coating of fresh cow-dung applied and wrapped with heavy cloth will do quite well in most cases.

In the case of girdling trees for the object referred to, to kill the roots as well as stem, not only must care be taken to remove all of the bark, but at the same time too broad a band of bark must not be removed or the wood will season and the ascending sap will be stopped, thus killing the tree above, but not the roots. No rule can be given which will meet all cases. In the case of some trees to remove the bark for the space of an inch would be sufficient, but for some trees it would not be sufficient, because the descending sap will, in some instances, be diverted to the wood, and will descend through it. This is the case with the dogwood, persimmon, and others. It will, therefore, always be safe to cut the wood to some extent carefully all around. In the case of the silver poplar, often a troublesome tree on account of suckering, it will be necessary to cut the wood to the depth of half an inch or more. In all cases the band bared of bark must not be sufficient to allow the wood to season. The willow, on account of its soft, porous wood, will not readily season, and if the wood in not cut, the bark should be peeled off for a considerable distance.—*Cor. Indiana Farmer.*

Preserving Wheat in the Shock. The great loss of wheat from germination during the unprecedented wet weather of the past month brings the subject of its preservation after it is cut into prominent notice; and although a discussion of the subject now may not help to save the present crop, it may do some good in the future. The only object in shocking wheat is to preserve it from getting wet during the dry process which it must undergo previous to being hauled into the barn or put in stack. But the manner in which much of the wheat is shocked would lead us to conclude that the only object was to get into bunches more convenient for loading. If there was no danger of rain, this would be the object principally, and the loose, spreading, uncouth bunches we so often see would answer the purposes. Wheat properly shocked will stand a great deal of rain, for a long time, too, without much injury. This has been demonstrated the present harvest. An intelligent farmer from the southern part of the State, where they have suffered most severely from wet weather, told us that well-shocked grain he had examined was not growing—except the ears—while the adjoining field was ruined, perhaps, by careless shocking.

APPLE TEA.—Pour boiling water over roasted sour apples, and let them stand until the water is cold; this is a very palatable drink for invalids.

CREAM SPONGE.—Break one egg in a teacup, fill up the cup with sweet or sour cream; one cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one spoonful cream tartar, and one-half spoonful of soda.

RICH ICE CREAM.—Take twelve lemons; squeeze well, and strain their juice upon as much fine sugar as will absorb the juice, then into this pour, very slowly, yet stirring very fast all the time, three quarts cream.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—Beat tart well-flavored apples and stew until soft, then run through a colander; add to each pie one-third of a cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar and three well-beaten eggs. Flavor with nutmeg and bake as a custard pie.

HICKORYNUT CAKE.—Take one-half cup of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of flour, three-fourths cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of hickorynut meats, two eggs, or the whites of four, one teaspoonful cream tartar, and one and one-half tea-spoonfuls soda.

RICE MUFFINS.—Take one-half cup of rice, boiled soft; add to this three spoonfuls of sugar, bit of butter the size of an egg, one pint of sweet milk, one-half cup of yeast, two quarts of flour and a pinch of salt; let it rise over night, if necessary; add in the morning a little soda.

SALT RISING FOR BREAD.—Take three tablespoonsfuls of shorts or flour one pinch (between thumb and forefinger) each sugar, salt, soda and ginger; mix with hot water to a thick batter, set over night and keep warm. This is called乒乓 yeast. Take of these two teaspoonsful to one quart of batter mixed in the usual way, and set to rise when risen, mix your dough and work it well.

TO PRESERVE CITRON.—Pare and cut in small slices, not exceeding a quarter of an inch in thickness; remove all the seeds, weigh, and then put them in alum water for two or three

hours; then pour the alum water off, and boil in alum water for two or three hours; then pour the alum water off, and boil in clear water until you can pierce them with a straw. Then make a syrup, allowing three-fourths of a pound of sugar to a pound of citron; place your citron in this syrup, and cook same as you do any other preserves. Just before taking from the stove, slice two or three lemons (according to the quantity of preserves you have); let them cook a minute longer, and they are ready for use or to put away. If cooked to strong, the preserves will become candied after awhile.

[Continued from first page.]

"To the traitors! that means us!" said the prisoner, raising his eyes to heaven and shrugging his shoulders.

"Yes, it means us," repeated John. "Where is Craeke?"

"At the door of your cell, I suppose."

"Let him enter then."

John opened the door; the faithful servant was waiting on the threshold.

"Come in, Craeke, and mind well what my brother will tell you."

"No, John, it will not suffice to send a verbal message; unfortunately I shall be obliged to write."

"And why that?"

"Because Van Baerle will neither give up the perch, nor burn it, without a special command to do so."

"But will you be able to write, poor old fellow?" John asked, with a look on the scorched and bruised hands of the unfortunate sufferer.

"If I had pen and ink you would soon see," said Cornelius.

"Here is a pencil, at any rate."

"Have you any paper? for they have left me nothing."

"Here, take this Bible, and tear out the fly leaf."

"Very well, that will do."

"But your writing will be illegible."

"Just leave me alone for that," said Cornelius. "The executioners have indeed pinched me badly enough, but my hand will not tremble once in tracing the few lines which are requisite."

And, really, Cornelius took the pencil and began to write, when through the white linen bandages drops of blood oozed out, which the pressure of the finger against the pencil squeezed from the raw flesh.

A cold sweat stood on the brow of the Grand Pensionary.

Cornelius wrote—

"MY DEAR GODSON,

"Burn the parcel which I have entrusted to you. Burn it without looking at it, and without opening it, so that its contents may forever remain unknown to yourself. Secrets of this description are death to those with whom they are deposited. Burn it and you will have saved John and Cornelius De Witte."

Farewell, and love me.

"CORNELIUS DE WITTE.

"August 20th, 1872."

John, with tears in his eyes, wiped off a drop of the noble blood which had soiled the leaf; and, after having handed the dispatch to Craeke with a last direction, returned to Cornelius, who seemed overcome by intense pain, and near fainting.

"Now," said he, "when honest Craeke sounds his old coxswain's whistle, it will be a signal of his being clear of the crowd and of his having reached the other side of the pond. And then it will be our turn to part."

Five minutes had not elapsed, before a long and shrill whistle was heard through the din and noise of the square of the Buitenhof.

John gratefully raised his eyes to heaven.

"And now," said he, "let us off, Cornelius."

[Continued next week.]

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[Continued from first page.]

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